

# Good Morning

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# GOOD MORNING SAYS GOOD-BYE

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## "This Happy Venture"

The Rt. Hon.  
A. V. Alexander, M.P.,  
First Lord of the  
Admiralty, writes to  
Mr. H. G. Bartholomew,  
Chairman of the Daily  
Mirror Newspapers Ltd.

Dear Bartholomew,

It was one of the happiest inspirations in the history of journalistic enterprise to promote a daily paper of their own for the men in our submarines on war patrol, and to have continued that activity for about 1,000 days is a fine achievement indeed.

I know that other branches of the Service have often envied the Submarine Branch its own daily paper, but the main object of the publication was to provide continuous new reading matter for crews of operational submarines who had no access to newspapers for weeks on end. A further object was to make a link between submarine crews and their families with photographs and messages from home. That both of these objects have been abundantly fulfilled has been shown by the innumerable letters of appreciation which have been sent from H.M. Submarines in all operational areas, and from relatives of submarine personnel, to the offices of GOOD MORNING.

Now, on the conclusion of this happy and most successful venture, may I express the thanks of the Royal Navy for your work in the interests of the officers and men of the Submarine Branch? I am sure they will always remember with gratitude the anonymous donor of GOOD MORNING.

Yours sincerely,

*A. V. Alexander*



The four "milestones" in the short and merry life of "Good Morning." Reading from left to right: Our dreams are getting better all the time or 1st number, 1st Birthday, 2nd Birthday, Last Number.

## ADMIRAL (SUBMARINES) SAYS THANK YOU!

We are proud to print this message from Rear-Admiral G. E. Creasy, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., voicing the gratitude "of all officers and men whose lives have been brightened by 'Good Morning.'"

The final issue of "Good Morning" marks the conclusion of a journalistic activity unique in war, and indeed in the history of the published word.

To have provided a daily paper for submarines on war patrols in all parts of the world, continuously for nearly a thousand days, is an achievement of which all who have assisted in it have good reason to be proud.

It is an achievement which, although it may be measured in numbers—and in expenditure, which has been most generously borne by well-wishers in Fleet Street—cannot be assessed in the amount of pleasure it has given to all those serving in our submarines. That pleasure, and the gratitude felt by all its readers for the gift of "Good Morning" are alike immeasurable.

The paper has not only provided ever-new and bright reading matter on patrol; it has formed a link between the men in submarines and their folk at home.

In the first issue Admiral (Submarines)—then Rear Admiral C. B. Barry—expressed the thanks of the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy to those who had originated "Good Morning." Now, in this final issue, it falls to me to say, on behalf of all officers and men whose lives have been brightened by "Good Morning" in innumerable hours of tedium, hardship and danger, "Our most grateful thanks. We shall not forget."

*G. E. Creasy*  
Rear Admiral



When this picture came into the office, the whole of "Good Morning" staff crowded round to look. And long and wistfully they looked, too. "Sort of sad, somehow," sighed the Art Bloke. "Must have heard 'G.M.'s' packing up, so they've decided to sell up," muttered Ron Richards, with a frog in his throat. The Editor—as usual—had the last word. "That's not the way to spell submarine," he said, and blew his nose hard.

This is the last number. "Good Morning" has appeared seven days a week for nine hundred and twenty-four issues, which means two years and 194 days.

As it folds its wings, we send our heartfelt thanks to all who have helped us so much and so readily in its production. We think of hundreds of readers who wrote to us with their criticisms and suggestions, the many who sacrificed a day's leave to call upon us. We remember the support and encouragement which came from Admiral Barry to lighten our birth-pangs. We acknowledge our debt to Rear-Admiral Creasy, who, as Admiral (Submarines), praised us generously on our second birthday, and now sends us a last message.

To the Rev. Martin W. Bulstrode, Chaplain, R.N.V.R., we offer a very big "Thank you!" He was our shepherd and guide, our "ever present help." We cannot think of "Good Morning" apart from him.

### GENESIS.

"GOOD MORNING" fulfilled the old piratical idea of making a short life a merry one. It began back in the early part of 1943, when the suggestion broke loose in the office of the "Daily Mirror," and Mr. H. G. Bartholomew, now Chairman of Directors, knocked on the door of the Admiralty.

He explained that the idea was to have a daily magazine-news-paper for the officers and men of the British submarine service, so that submariners could have something of their very own, something that would provide them with reading for off-duty hours. It was a proposition intended to embody the gratitude of the "Daily Mirror" for the magnificent services of the crews who sailed under water (and on it), and no contributions were asked from anybody to launch the publication.

Admiral Sir Max Horton, then Admiral (Submarines), thought it an excellent suggestion, and gave it his support. By the time the first number came out, however, Admiral Horton was engaged elsewhere, and it was Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry who filled the front page with a message from the Office of Admiral (Submarines).

It was a memorable first number, and with it began a friendship between readers and Editorial Staff that has been as unique as the paper itself.

The paper was dispatched in batches of twenty-eight day issues. These were taken by flotillas to Malta, Alexandria, and other stations to be picked up by operational submarines, and carried farther east or wherever the vessels went. This meant that, at first, distribution was slow. Well, so was the war then.

The main thing was that "Good Morning" was launched. It went fathoms deep under the Mediterranean when the submarines dived. It was read by the officers and crews when enemy vessels tore overhead in their mad pursuit of ultimate defeat. It was read when the submarines were on the surface, in port, and in places where it was an offence to indicate the position.

And did the officers and men, for whom the unusual daily was published, like it? For six solid months we did not know, but during that period we still toiled to get the monthly quota out on time, and like the Apostles who fished, we caught nothing.

### MATURITY.

NOT only was the paper produced, gifts of all kinds were sent to the submariners; we asked them to tell us what they wanted, and we would send the things, or try to send them. We told them that we intended to interview their families and print photos of the families, and we gave the messages their families asked us to give.

Wives, fathers, mothers, sweethearts, sisters, big brothers, little sisters were visited, photographed and interviewed. We had long lists of relatives in every part of Britain. It was all part of the service we had set out to provide.

And then the reactions began to come in. The letters the boys wrote to us were filled with intensely human drama, comedy, happy thankfulness, criticisms. There was at least one who wanted to be a newspaperman. Maybe that was comedy, or farce. Another wrote: "It is a swell paper and couldn't be improved." (We blushed all over at that). Another wrote: "It is a noble thing you are doing." (We looked in a mirror but couldn't see the halo). A third sent this from the Mediterranean: "The coxswain brings 'Good Morning' round each morning at sea, and it goes down as good as a tot of rum at 11 o'clock." (We stood ourselves one for that).

### EXODUS.

THE first birthday of "Good Morning" came, and the Editor wrote—don't get us wrong—that everybody would rejoice if it was the only one. It wasn't. The second birthday came, and in it was a message from the new Admiral (Submarines) Rear-Admiral G. E. Creasy.

As the weeks passed the work and responsibilities of "Good Morning" accumulated. Investitures at Buckingham Palace had to be attended for pictures of submariners who had gained decorations. Depot ships had to be visited. Weddings were always joyful occasions. A thousand other things had to be attended to.

And yet, there never was any mention of the war in our features and articles except what was contained in the popular Shop Talk column.

Well, we kept it up. And then the Japs threw in their hand sooner than most people expected; and that meant that "Good Morning's" work was done!





# JUSTICE GOES INTO ACTION

By Peter Vincent

HAVING time to kill recently, I was taken to the Law Courts by a barrister friend and given the opportunity of seeing British justice in action. The Law Courts, a vast collection of buildings in the Strand, were built by Belgian imported labour nearly a hundred years ago. They are open to the public at all times, and, if the public can find their way through that rabbit warren of passages to the court rooms, they can see a free "show" any time they like, where they'll hear "lines" which the Lord Chamberlain would hardly permit on the legitimate stage!

Our first port of call was at Court No. 6, where Mr. Justice Charles was hearing a case.

It was an action brought by a Mr. H. against a Mr. C, who, it seemed, had refused to pay Mr. H. the rent due on a flat—one of many which Mr. C. rented from Mr. H. and sub-let at a slight profit. His reason for refusing payment was that Mr. H. had failed to have some major repairs done on the flat.

Mr. C. was in the witness-box, answering questions rapidly. The atmosphere was expectant. . . . Mr. H. expected to win his case, so did Mr. C. The Clerk of the Court looked as if he expected to miss his lunch. But he didn't.

At one o'clock precisely, as the clock chimed the hour, Mr. Justice Charles jumped up and adjourned the case till two. After all, justice must eat!

Our next call was at Court No. 16, where a fairly humdrum case was going on.

Some solicitor had helped himself to the money of one of his clients—several thousand pounds of it. The evidence unfolded itself slowly, but very, very surely. The judge, in wig, black robes, pink sleeves and scarlet sash, looked pretty grim. Cheques were produced, statements read out, witnesses called. We couldn't help feeling a bit sorry for the solicitor. He didn't have a chance. And it will be three years before he gets another one.

We looked in at the Admiralty Court, where the President of the Court, lawyers, and Trinity House Masters (acting as Admiralty Assessors), in blue, gold-braided uniforms, were threshing out some very long-winded legal argument about which ship was to blame and why. We left them to it.

Next we stopped at the Divorce Courts. A dozen or more undefended divorce cases were being heard—one after the other, with a sort of machine-like precision and thoroughness.



The Court Room was, like the others, panelled in wood, with His Lordship, in the usual wig and black gown, enthroned beneath a beautiful engraving of the Royal Arms.

Beneath him sat his court assistants, and opposite, on hard wooden benches, sat the K.C.s, solicitors, barristers, clients, and general awe-inspired public. All these cases follow much the same pattern.

The stories are usually similar. The case is called, the petitioner goes into the witness-box, and swears by Almighty God that the evidence he shall give shall be the whole truth . . . etc.

He is questioned by King's Counsel. It transpires that they were married in 1938. Everything was O.K. until 1942. Then the wife left him for the proverbial "other man." No, she wouldn't come back. The

In another case the hus-

## LAST FAMILY CALL FOR STO. HARRY BUCKLEY

IT was the beginning of autumn and the rain streamed unhindered through the leafless trees and pattered into the puddles in the glistening streets.

Inside No. 9 Castle Street, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, there was a glowing coal fire, and a flickering orange glow played over the walls in the dusk. The photograph of Jennifer when she was a baby was lit up from time to time, L./Sto. Harry Buckley.

The modern Jennifer, nearly five when we called, sat on the table in a clean blue frock and waited.

She showed us a photograph she had had taken at school, of which she was very proud, and then ran to the door to see what was holding up the taking of another.

Then John arrived. Eight weeks old and full of life, he was carried in by your wife.

For John it was gala day. It was the first time he had been taken out shopping, and also the first time he had had his photograph taken. He was well and truly in the limelight and he was thoroughly enjoying himself. His blue eyes sparkled and he smiled delightedly when your wife brushed his brown hair into two curls ready for the picture.

That should be sufficient to keep you in suspense till you get home to see your son, Harry.

When this happy day arrives there'll be a couple of pints awaiting you at Charlie's, so you and your wife can make a pretty speedy trip along there—provided there is somebody to look after John.

When all the celebrations are over, your wife is looking forward to a visit to the Isle of Wight, and she continues to hope that you will be able to live there eventually.

With that hope for the future come very best wishes from home for the present, Harry.

We left Mrs. Buckley and Jennifer and John sitting in the firelight thinking of your home-coming, the rain streaming down the window-panes and the first chill of autumn outside.

(Yours was the last family we visited, Stoker Buckley, and Mrs. Buckley, Jennifer and John sat for our last picture.)

## "Honi soit qui mal y pense"

FEW people know what the III (then sovereign); Edward conferring of the Order of the Garter means, or what it is. Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster; Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; John de Greilly; Ralph Lord Stafford; William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; Robert Mortimer, Earl of March; and various others.

There was an old legend that established because at a Court a lady had the misfortune to drop one of her garters and a gallant knight restored it to her with the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

In reality the Founder Knights of the famous Order were Edward

give the decoration to his queen, and having already had more than one he cut the women out of the Order.

Since then two attempts have been made to bring back the honour to the ladies.

There are authorities to-day who believe that justice will not be done until women are admitted to the Order, at least on the same basis as before Henry VIII.

It is held that the wife of a knight shares her husband's title, dignity and precedence. Why was conferred as the chief reward then should she be debarred from of military merit, and many of its wearing the heraldic bearings? recipients were simple Knights.

FOR PEERS ONLY. As time went on, however, the Ribbon became confined to the higher orders of the peerage. The exact date of the founding of the Order is not really known but it is generally accepted as about the year 1347. Recently there was a statement that no woman could aspire to the Order. This is not historically correct. Church, also in Oxfordshire.

It was the robust and ungallant Henry VIII who stopped ladies by the King, and support from the wearing the decoration. He knew Cabinet and Parliament before that he might be expected to ladies have restored to them right to become Ladies of the Garter.

But it will require a ruling of the King, and support from the Cabinet and Parliament before ladies have restored to them right to become Ladies of the Garter.

### Answer to Crossword in 792

WATT	DIVOT
APRICOT	BOO
SHINY	EATEN
PIP	RUMBA
DEBIT	CITE
ME	ALAS
USER	HIE
N	LOG
CLINIC	RILE
HOT	FOOTMAN
PETTY	HERD

band had confronted his wife with the fact of his adultery several times, and she had refused to do anything about it (it takes two to make a quarrel)! At last the fellow sent a week-end hotel bill to the wife's solicitors. Asked what she did about that, she said, "Oh, then I stopped writing to him"! Now he has to pay alimony for, perhaps the rest of his life.

Sometimes a married couple may "cook up" a case of

adultery when in fact no adultery has taken place, so as to get an easy divorce. The judge has to be on the look-out for this sort of wangling.

One such case, in which the only evidence of adultery was the signed confession of both parties, came up while we were there. But the judge saw through their plan and threw the case out of court. He said, "I am not satisfied to accept only the signed confessions of the respondent and co-respon-

dent in cases of this sort, where further evidence is obviously necessary.

All the witnesses had one common fault. They did not answer questions clearly.

And so it goes on, year in, year out—adulteries, swindlings, claims from accidents, all cases which have to be heard through their plan and thrown the case out of court. He said, "I am not satisfied to accept only the signed confessions of Majesty's Judges of the High Court of Justice.

## Saint was First Pole Squatter

THERE are many saints in the calendar, but none of them quite like St. Simeon Stylites—the pillar saint.

When he joined a Syrian monastery in the fifth century, as a young man, he decided to undergo penance for his sins with a severity never known before. He found that the monks ate but once a day; he showed them what he meant by eating only once a week.

Seeking more mortification than this strict rationing gave him, he tied a rough rope made of palm leaves round his waist, and there it remained, until the sores it caused smelled so badly that the abbot and monks stripped him to find out what it was all about.

It took three days to get his clothes away from his body, and a surgeon had to be called to cut out the rope which had become embedded in his flesh.

After recovering from this, Simeon determined to fast for the forty days of Lent, and retired to a hermit's cave at the top of a mountain.

He did this for twenty-six years, praying on his feet until he was too weak to stand; praying in a sitting position until he could no longer sit; and praying, lying on the ground, until he lost consciousness.

At the end of the forty days, when the monks climbed the mountain to end the fast, he was usually stretched out, apparently lifeless, but when they gave him water and lettuce leaves he gradually recovered.

In time, he made the mountain-top his home, building an enclosure of loose stones, without a roof, and chaining his leg to a rock so that he should not be able, were he so tempted, to seek shelter from the rain and storms when they swept his bare habitation.

He endured all this cheerfully. Only one thing annoyed him. Many people came to receive his blessing, as a holy



man, but some insisted on touching him.

To evade the latter, he became the world's first pole-squatter. He built a pillar of stone, about nine feet high, and for four years stayed up aloft, content to be out of reach of the admiring mob.

Then he decided to go a bit higher, and built a pillar some eighteen feet high. He stayed there three years.

By this time he was one of the most famous men in the civilised world. Hosts of people flocked to his pillar and received his blessing. Once again he went up, this time to the summit of a pillar thirty-three feet tall.

At the end of ten further years of pillar-squatting, the people got together and built him a really super-pillar, sixty feet in height, on which Simeon remained for the last twenty years of his life.

Throughout his pillar life, the saint never had more than a space three feet in diameter on which to exist. He could not lie down, and he had no seat on which to rest. When he was

D. N. K. BAGNALL.



## Two Talkers Close Up Shop

### RON RICHARDS

I AM the old-timer of this outfit (in years of service only), so the Editor told me he had reserved space for 400 words in which I could say farewell to my reader (I have one—he writes rude letters to me sometimes). But 400 words—I couldn't possibly get in even the names of the submariners I have got drunk with.

Then there would be all the submarines I have visited, the depots I have boozed at, the bagshanties I visited with you, apart from the individual names of all those who have libelled and slandered me regularly for two years or more.

I would have to mention Forth, Cyclops, Woolf (I wouldn't mention Blockhouse). Submarine names such as Shakespeare, Sportsman, Trenchant, Unrivalled, Sea-dog, Totem, and so on and so on would come into it. I couldn't possibly leave out my thanks to Bish Bulstrode, Len Ashman, Joe Lewis, Snoopy Thurlow, Tubby Weevil, Cmdr. Wingfield-Dillinger, I think he's called, Ben Bryant—you have your own name for him, too, I think—Georgie Hunt, Claud Barry, Egg Barter, and Mary Jones.

No, I just couldn't get it all in, so I will reflect, dangerously, for my peace of mind; on my most enjoyable experience since I joined "Good Morning," three months before you saw it first.

The liaison had fallen down again so we didn't know Tally Ho was due home that winter night. Bish Bulstrode, on leave, rushed into our luxuriously decorated concrete office at four p.m. with the news. I left an hour later for Newcastle intending to say Howdo and then return to London.

When I did get back to London, five days later . . . but that's the end of the story.

Tally Ho came in that night and the captain came ashore. He invited me to go down to meet his boys who expected me. I met the boys—Snoopy, Jackie Warner, Taffy, Group-up, Arthur Bull-less, the Cox'n, and they treated me like I had just crashed a Jap destroyer, sent Jap ships down, played havoc with every port I had put into during the past eighteen months.

Next morning, when I wakened in the Jimmy's bunk (he slept ashore) I knew my hunch about submariners was right. But it was good to mess with a piratical gang of guys. In those five days I was accepted as a shipmate—what greater compliment could a guy ask?

When I got back to London I sat down and wrote about Tally Ho. In my heart was far, far more than my words could express. They were the grandest, maddest bunch of brigands I had ever met up with. And these last years have given me, apart from friends which I hope to have for many years to come, memories that will be with me for ever.

Of late I have almost lost touch with you. I have been interviewing industrial chiefs with the idea of giving you the ketchup strictly solid. I hope this has been of some service to you. I believe, and this is not flannel, that you deserve the breaks when you get home.

And so, Dick Gordon, Gordon Rich, and Call Boy wishing you a million thanks and good hunting in civvy street, sign off sincerely as Ronald Richards.

## DEREK HEBENTON

SO this is it fellows!

For a long time I have thought of what I might say to you when the last number of "Good Morning" came along, but now that the time has come for me to say good-bye, I can find no words sincere enough to express my thoughts in cold print.

Why I am writing this I really don't know. Unlike Ron Richards, I wasn't in at the birth of the paper, and it is only for a short while that I have been talking shop.

Some of you I have met in one place or another. Many more of you I haven't. But if those submariners I have met have been representative of the whole service, and I'm sure they were, then anything I have been able to do for you through "Good Morning" has been well worth while.

When I first joined "Good Morning"

I knew nothing about submarines apart from what I learned by a visit to one in Chatham Dockyard at the tender age of four years, and still less did I know about the men who sail in them.

To-day I still know nothing about submarines, but who cares, I can learn all I want to know from a book any day, but I do know something about you.

People who have seen us together in the Prince of Wales at Chatham, at the Bag O' Nails, or at No. 10, have probably branded us as irresponsible and light-headed. Well, perhaps they are right, but I don't mind saying here and now that if ever I am in a tight corner, there is no-one I would sooner have on my side than one of you.

If I am allowed to make one last wish before "Good Morning" dies, it is simply this: That the friendships that have been made through the paper over the course of the last two and a half years, will not die.

I'm quite sure in myself that when we meet in Civvy Street you will remember the times we spent together in war-time.

I know we will.



All right then, we'll argue it out ourselves.



The Editor goes the way of all flesh.

## Burglars are funny

YOU never know what burglars will do. The roof of the famous Bridge of Sighs in Venice, with four tons of lead, was stolen some years ago.

When the metal was much in demand during the period of re-armament, thefts of the heaviest objects were so common that a law paper commented that even the garden roller was not safe unless chained! And talking of garden rollers, a strange theft not long ago was of a garden lawn.

The owner had cultivated it with pride. He went on holiday. When he returned there was a muddy patch where his beautiful lawn had been. A gang of men had appeared with a lorry, cut the turves and disappeared. Neighbours seeing them at work with professional tools had assumed the owner had sold the grass for turves!

A famous six foot skeleton that sat in the prisoner's cell of an ancient house at Hoddesdon

## THOUGHT FOR FOOD

GRILLED kippers, ready to eat and neatly wrapped in transparent, greaseproof paper, were "tried out" recently as an eat-in-the-street snack at a carnival in Peterhead.

They proved an immediate success, and it is stated that Mr. Robert Forman, the managing director of a large Scottish fish-selling company, who originated the idea, hopes it will soon be a common thing for people all over the country to buy ready-cooked kippers from stalls and eat them on the spot.

There are many fortunes waiting to be made from new foods, or perhaps more correctly old foods in new guises. In the past new industries have been founded on a simple way of preparing or distributing common foods, so that they could be eaten as "snacks."

A good example is the potato crisp. In the years before the war those thin slices of fried potatoes in sealed transparent packets had about 300,000,000 purchasers.

Yet everything in the packet, the potatoes, the fat and the salt, were centuries old when just after the last war Frank Smith hit on the idea of putting up the thin fried potatoes in packets suitable for sale at a low price.

He did not meet with immediate success. The idea of chips without fish did not appeal to the inn-keepers and the grocers.

It was one simple idea that really made potato crisps one of the most popular snacks in Britain—that of including the salt in the packet so that it could be scattered over the contents before they were eaten.

This simple idea sent the sales soaring from a mere thousand a week to three million packets a week in six years.

Special factories were built to cope with the demand, factories in which mountains of potatoes were peeled, sliced, fried and packed under hygienic conditions without being touched by hand.

Frank Smith became Sir Frank Smith.

Another food that was put on the map by a similar simple idea was peanuts.

was stolen in 1937. The thief, perhaps, was not so crazy as he seemed. A good skeleton costs a fair sum as the demand from medical students is great.

But some of the queer booty has undoubtedly been taken by crazy thieves. There was the famous case of the theft of the masterpiece "Mona Lisa," by da Vinci from the Louvre, Paris. The loot was unsaleable. Such a famous picture could never have been sold without attracting attention. But the thief did not sell it.

He was eventually found in a garret kneeling in adoration before the marvellous portrait which he had taken, he explained, to save it being desecrated by the gaze of common tourists!

Formerly, peanuts were considered rather "vulgar." Eating them meant cracking the shells, rubbing off the skin, and when they were eaten as a "snack," having them without the salt that brought out their flavour.

A Mr. M. E. Mitchell suddenly thought, "Why not do all this work before the peanut is sold?"

He found a way of roasting them so that their own oil would make just enough salt stick, put them in transparent packets, and won a public of millions for peanuts.

Several fortunes have been made in the present century by men who found new ways of preparing cereals. Our ancestors invariably had porridge, but apart from those who did not care for the dish, it became more and more difficult to give the hours required to prepare it properly as a breakfast dish.

First came special forms of oats that required only a few minutes' cooking instead of hours of cooking.

Then came a whole series of cereal breakfast dishes with barley, oats, wheat, malt and other foods combined in various ways to make them easy to serve, very easily digested and yet appetising.

One of the pioneers in this field, Charles Post, made a fortune of over four million pounds simply out of combining old foods in a new way, packing them attractively and advertising them shrewdly.

Another idea that revolutionised our habits was that of selling ice-creams from tricycles.

Ice creams had long been sold in the streets from barrows, but they were not as popular as they might have been, partly because of the obviously unhygienic standards of some of the sellers.

Mr. Wall, finding himself with transport for his sausages available because of decreased demand during the hottest months of the year, tried to think out a method of using them.

He hit on the ice cream sold from a refrigerated tricycle. The idea took on immediately, and in this case success came through taking the product to the customer.

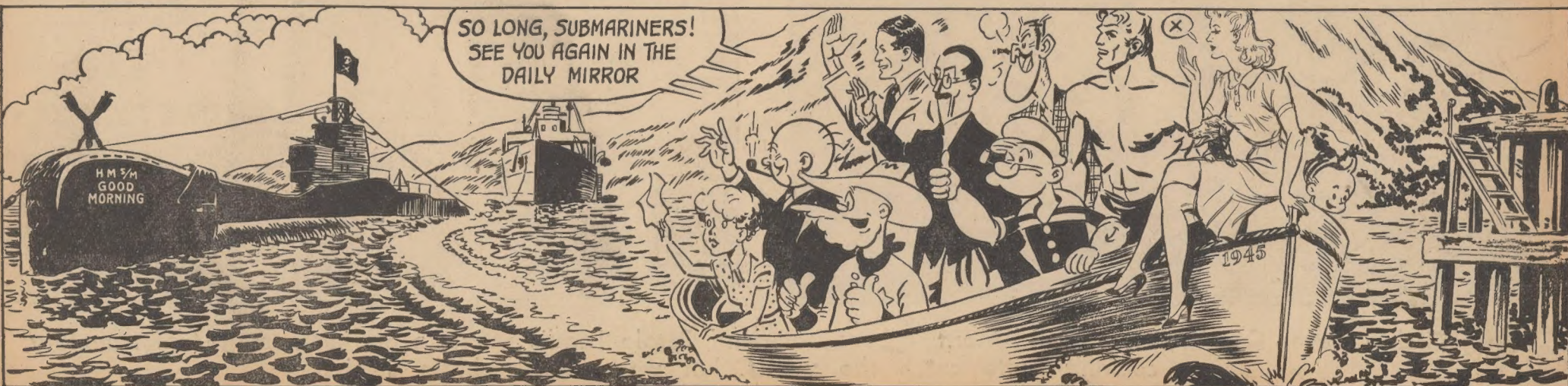
One of the latest ideas in the United States likely to make a fortune and change our habits is that of the "quick-frozen" meal. The ready-cooked meal is placed on a plastic plate, given a cardboard cover, and then "quick-frozen."

The housewife can buy the meal, take it home to her refrigerator, where it will keep safely for several days, and when the time for the meal comes, she has nothing to do but remove the cardboard cover.

The plates are so cheap they can be thrown away; and mass-production of these "pre-fabricated" dinners enables the finest food cooked by first-class chefs to be sold at prices which the housewife could not compete with.

Think of a new way of selling food, and you may make a fortune

J. M. M.





**Good  
Morning**

**"Been nice knowing you, fellows"**



Betty Grable waves Good-bye to "Good Morning" readers—and Carole Landis shouts a parting message (unfortunately, we couldn't quite catch the words, but we saw her blow a kiss)